

VOICE OF FREEDOM.

VOL. V.

"THE INVIOABILITY OF INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS IS THE ONLY SECURITY OF PUBLIC LIBERTY."

NO. 48.

J. HOLCOMB, EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

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THE VOICE OF FREEDOM.

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POETRY.

Original.

To a Flower.

Bright emblem of Eternal bloom,
Of pure, celestial love.
Of life, beyond the silent tomb,
And holiness above.
Thy form is of the fairest mould,
Most elegantly fair;
In thee a God do I behold,
As well as beauties rare.
A deepening blush plays on thy cheek,
As on an Angel's face.
Most eloquently does it speak,
The glories of thy race.
Oh! teach, thou fairest one, my heart,
To give itself away;
Instruct me in that better part,
Which leads to endless day.
Brandon Sem., 1844. R. M. P.

From the True Wesleyan.

Voting.

A report was circulated in Vermont, that the Wesleyan Discipline required all our men to vote with the Liberty Party; and on that account, a Clay Party man (a Free-will Baptist) and a Van Buren Party man, (a Methodist Episcopal), with great emphasis, asserted that every man's vote should be free, and untrammelled by sectarian creeds, &c. And yet they both are in bondage to political pro-slavery sects, who will disown them, if they do not vote with their party, 'right or wrong.' Let them try it once, by voting the Liberty Ticket, and see if their old party will not use the party whip. Which is the worst—to be bound to a slavery party, by political trammels, or to be bound to the Liberty Party, by moral principle, expressed in a religious creed.

The above report, however, is false; but if it were true, our vote would be as free as theirs; and in one sense as much freer as liberty is freer than slavery.—The spirit of liberty will lead our men away from the slavery parties, whether our creed does or not. Yes, and common sense will teach us that voting with them is voting for slavery; or at least, is neglecting to vote against it; while voting with the Liberty Party is voting for liberty. This little act is greater in its effects than any or all other acts. It affects the rights and interests of God and man, for time and eternity, far beyond what we can think of. Every sincere Christian abolitionist, when he sees that slavery must be put down by law, and that no other party will do it, except the Liberty Party, must of necessity join them, unless the seeming interests of his church, and its attending influences keep him back, as they may, if his church is pro-slavery.—But as the seeming, as well as real interests of our connection favor the same object, we expect our members will have every inducement to vote for just men—men in favor of equity, equal rights to all men; so that if the Liberty Party is built upon moral principle, and the other two on the injustice of slavery, our religion will bind us to the Liberty Party in the state, as well as in the church.

The great excuse for pro-slavery voting is, that the North can do nothing against slavery. But it is believed by some of the wisest and best men in the nation, that the North can, by direct and indirect means, destroy the whole system speedily. These men are better informed on this point than their opponents; they have labored hard and suffered much;—and all for whom and for what? Not for themselves, nor for office, but for the slaves, and for the principles of justice and mercy.

Mr Stewart, of N. Y., was offered the nomination for Governor instead of Mr Seward, by a party who could secure his election; but he chose rather to suffer affliction with the Liberty Party, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season;—and he is a fair sample of the rest of this heroic band of patriotic philanthropists.—They sacrifice office, honor, money, ease, and even life itself, for principles as pure and immutable as the throne of God.—Are not they more worthy of our votes, than the unprincipled, partizan demagogues, who sustain slavery, and sacrifice the interest of the nation, to promote the interest of party. Is it safe or wise, for us to trust our rights and interests in the hands of men who trample the rights and interests of nearly three millions of our countrymen under foot, for the sake of their own emolument? Surely, if they could promote their own personal and party interests by sacrificing ours, they would do it.

BETA SIGMA.

The Peculiar Institution.

An extract from the published Journal of the late Wm. Sacy, of Philadelphia, an eminent minister of the religious Society of Friends;

"On mo. 22, 1791. We passed on to Augusta, Georgia. They can scarcely tolerate us, on account of our abhorrence of slavery. On the 28th we got to Savannah, and lodged at one Blount's, a hard

hearted slaveholder. One of the lads, aged about 14, was ordered to go out and milk the cows; and falling asleep, through weakness, the master called out and ordered him a flogging. I asked him, what he meant by flogging. He replied, the way we serve them here, is, we cut their backs until they are raw all over, and then salt them. Upon this my feelings were roused: I told him that it was too bad, and queried if it were possible;—he replied it was, with many curses on the blacks. At supper this unfeeling wretch asked a blessing.

"Next morning I heard some one begging for mercy, and also the lashes of the whip. Not knowing whence the sound came, I rose, and presently found the poor boy tied up to a post, his toes scarcely touching the ground, and a negro whipper. He had already cut him in an unmerciful manner, and the blood ran to his heels. I stepped in between them and ordered him untied immediately, which, with some reluctance and astonishment, was done. Returning to the house I saw the landlord, who then showed himself in his true colors, the most wicked man I ever met with, full of horrid execrations and threatenings upon all northern people; but I did not spare him, which occasioned a bystander to say, with an oath, that I should be 'popped over.' We left them, and were in full expectation of their way-laying or coming after us, but the Lord restrained them. The next house we stopped at we found the same wicked spirit.

From the Vermont Observer.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 25, 1844.

Brother Angier:—I did not intend when I left home, to be a letter writer for our excellent "Vermont Observer," nor do I now intend to trouble you with a long communication. But as I cannot learn that you have any regular correspondent attending the anniversaries, I take the liberty to drop you a few lines, about matters and things, in which some of your readers may have an interest.

I do not propose to report the proceedings, but will send you the daily "Ledger," in which the report is more ably given, than would be possible for me to favor you with.

The city is thronged with brethren from all sections of the country. We are assembled in the same house, where thirty years ago, thirty-two brethren assembled and formed the Baptist Triennial Convention; only seven of those fathers are now living and rejoicing in the fruit of their labors. The number of delegates now assembled is about four hundred. There are from Vermont thirteen brethren, who all hold seats in the Convention: viz., J. D. Farnsworth, J. W. Sawyer, J. Conant, D. Haskell, P. W. Dean, Richardson, of Cavendish, E. Hutchinson, D. Burrows, D. M. Crane, L. A. Dunn, Hayden, H. L. Parker, of Manchester, and the writer. The greatest conceivable interest is manifested in all the meetings.—The house is continually crowded to overflowing. I doubt not but many hundreds more would attend, could they obtain even a place to stand in the spacious house in which we are assembled. The discussions which have taken place, have been quite spirited and exceedingly interesting. Sometimes a cloud arises and seems to threaten a storm that would sweep all before it, but from some unexpected source the sun breaks through the cloud and drives away its blackness. What may take place within a few days, it is impossible to tell. All seem to feel that much depends upon this meeting, as to the future harmony of the Baptists of the United States. My prayer is that the Great Head of the church may guide us into all truth; that we may all love union both that we may love liberty, truth and righteousness more. We have present sixteen delegates who go by the title of Rev. Dr. We have no doctor in Vermont.

One thing has made a very deep impression on my mind. When reading the report of the Board, when the Secretary came to the place which asserted that persecution still prevailed in the East, and some of our native brethren were in danger, the secretary was requested to pause, while special prayer was offered for the far off oppressed, but in our business and prayer meetings, not a single prayer has been offered for the oppressed of our own land—not an allusion made tending to their alleviation.—A resolution is now pending before the American Baptist Home Missionary Society, the purport of which is, 'that being a slave holder shall be no objection to being a missionary under the patronage of the Society.' This resolution was offered by a northern man; and I believe a friend of the oppressed, for the purpose of getting the subject before the Convention.—It has not yet been discussed, and what will be its fate we know not—probably, however, after spending some time in debate we shall as they do in Congress—'dismiss the whole subject, or at least, lay it upon the table.' Let some one should inquire, where are the twelve brethren from Vermont that no prayer is offered in this Convention for the poor slaves; permit me to say, that all who pray in these meetings, (prayer meetings included,) are especially designated. And were a brother called on to pray who is accustomed to 'remember those in bonds as bound with them,' it would require great moral courage to pray for those in

slavery before this august body. What stop to pray for the slave of our own country, when we have the heathen world before us! Why, sir, such an offense might endanger the Union. How can we do this, when we have no such example from our Doctors?

I rejoice, yea, and I will rejoice that the Baptists are so deeply interested in the conversion of the world to Christ; that they feel for heathen in the far off land; and I hope the time is not far distant, when they will remember, as a denomination, the two, and a half millions in our own country who are made goods and chattels. Yours truly,
M. D. MILLER.

From the N. Y. Republic.

The late Meeting of the N. Y. Historical Society.

We have received a letter from Mr. Jay, the Secretary of the New York Historical Society, explaining his reasons for opposing the vote of thanks to Dr. Beakley for his paper on 'The progress of the Caucasian race in science and civilization.' With the opinions expressed by Mr. Jay, we have nothing to do, and we insert his letter simply in accordance with our rule of throwing our columns open to all who desire to place their views fairly before the public:—

DR. BEAKLEY'S PAPER BEFORE THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the Republic:

Sir,—As the report contained in the Republic of yesterday, of the proceedings of the New York Historical Society on Tuesday evening, mentioned that I most warmly opposed the vote of thanks to Dr. Beakley for the paper read by that gentleman; I beg leave to state in your columns, the reasons which obliged me to pursue a course which has been censured as exhibiting a want of courtesy.

The title of the paper, as publicly announced was, 'The progress of the Caucasian race in Science and Civilization,' but the chief object of the writer appeared to be, to show that the moral and intellectual inferiority of the Mongolian, American, Malay, and especially the Ethiopian races, was owing to their physical organization and the color of their skin. And further to prove that the African was decidedly and irrevocably inferior to the white man—and that this lot was his natural and inevitable destiny. In support of this old theory, I believe no new facts or arguments were presented, other than those which have often been adduced on the one hand and replied to on the other, and it was a matter of some surprise that the gentleman should have selected as the topic of an Essay before the Historical Society, a question so foreign to its object, and especially a theory, which with all deference to Dr. Beakley, I supposed had long since been closed with the speculations of Linnæus on the humanity of the monkey; with the serious conjectures of Dr. Darwin, on man's original element being aquatic, and his original form an osier, and with the almost equally extraordinary absurdities perpetrated by Lord Monboddo. Not that I was unaware that such philosophers as Mr. Calhoun and Mr. McDuffie, who regard slavery as a blessing, had adopted the theory. They could not well deny it in the abstract, when they have reduced it to practice, and as far as possible proved it to be a fact—and to many of our countrymen it must be a satisfaction to believe, if they can believe it, that they are not men upon whom they trample, whose muscles they sell, and whose gains they appropriate; but creatures of an inferior order, specially created to be their vassals—irrevocably destined to a state of chattel-dom; but I had no idea that with disinterested and scientific inquirers, the doctrine found any favor. For this paper a vote of thanks was moved. Had the resolution been, as it was first drawn, to thank the writer for the effort he had made, to amuse and instruct the Society, courtesy might have required its passage; but certainly a special vote of thanks for the paper itself, did imply, not only that it possessed some value, but that it was an appropriate offering to that body. If a by-law existed, requiring their thanks to be presented to every person who should read a paper of any kind whatsoever—in that case perhaps, no approval could be implied; but here I think some degree of approval both of the value and fitness of the essay, is a fair inference from the resolution. If it be not so, the compliment of a special vote dwindles to a mere act of bare civility, and such a by-law as I have mentioned would not only save time but avoid misunderstanding.

I feel bound to oppose any sanction by the society of the theory revived by Dr. Beakley, because I regard it, as I stated very frankly, with no feelings of unkindness towards him, as false, impious and cruel. I am satisfied of its falsity, by other proofs than the striking facts contained in the work of the Abbe Gregoire on the literature of the negroes, and the powerful arguments presented in the learned disquisitions of M. Blumenbach and Dr. Mason Good. And Dr. Beakley may himself find conclusive evidence of his mistake in the Colored Schools of this city, wherein the proficiency of the pupils is not one whit inferior to that of the pale-faced children, who are taught to look upon them with contempt. I regard it as impious, because it dares to pronounce upon the secret intention of the Almighty Ruler of nations; and declares in the presumptuous tones of an arrogant philosophy, that He who hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the earth, has imposed upon a large race, an organization and hue, which must entail upon them and their descendants to the end of time, a degrading inferiority. I regard it as cruel, because it subjects that race to insult and wrong—and for ages past has been made to justify the untold miseries of slavery and the slave trade. Heaven's smiles have been confidently invoked by the dealers in the accursed traffic, and they have denounced those who would have rescued their victims as irreverent intermeddlers with the policy of God.—It is true that among us of the North, slavery has no existence, but we are responsible for a system of prejudice and caste, which our countrymen of the South denounce as more oppressive in its operation than their own 'domestic Institutions,'—a system which good men are endeavoring to destroy, but which Dr. Beakley's theory goes to strengthen and perpetuate. It robs the colored people of the elective franchise; it denies to them the privileges of citizens; it ridicules the idea that they are entitled to the right of petition; it excludes them from the army and militia, and from all participation in the administration of government or of justice; it bars against them schools, colleges, and theological seminaries; it impedes their religious improvement; it drives them from the councils of the church, tramples upon them in the very courts of the Lord's house; degrades them even while officiating at His altar. It places obstacles in the way of their honest industry, closes against them the counting-house and the work-shop, snatches from them the ordinary motives to exertion, and tends to keep them penniless and ignorant, depriving them of every opportunity of distinction, closing every avenue to advancement. It subjects them to constant insult and outrage, for which Right Reverend Bishops and high dignitaries have afforded precedent; and when the fury of the baser sort has been roused against them, as has been frequently the case in New York, Newark, Cincinnati, and especially Philadelphia, which is now suffering a terrible punishment in kind—the civic authorities have not thought it worth while to protect wretches guilty of a colored skin—and the magistrates sat composedly in their pleasant parlors, revelling, perhaps, in the beauties of Dr. Beakley's theory, while the unhappy victims of this unholy prejudice, were hunted from their homes by savage mobs;—their children exposed to hunger and nakedness; their wives and daughters brutally insulted; their houses sacked, and their churches burned.

And when we ourselves have thus reduced our colored countrymen, by means as cowardly as they are wicked, to a state of inferiority, we think it manly and becoming to taunt them with the degradation we have imposed, and to attribute to their innocent complexion and their harnessed features, the natural consequence of our own baseness. In other lands, where slavery has been abolished, its emancipated subjects have at once discarded their abject posture. Here we place our foot upon their neck, and reproach them that they do not rise—nay more, we pretend to call in the aid of science to explain the marvellous mystery of our superior intelligence, and end with impiously attributing it to the will of God. And a paper broaching such a theory is received with applause, by some members of the Historical Society.

In Gaudaloupe, Columbia, Mexico, Java, the Cape of Good Hope, and the British West Indies, the emancipated slaves found no difficulty in taking care of themselves. And in 1838, an incident occurred in Antigua, which forcibly exhibits the capacity and character of some of the native Africans. Three hundred and seventy-one Africans, taken from the holds of captured slave ships, were set free in a single day; and in May, 1839, the Governor, Sir Patrick Ross, said in an official despatch, that no one of them had been brought before a magistrate for the slightest offence; that no one of them had applied for relief on the score of poverty, and that they were generally industriously occupied in providing for their own livelihood. This, be it remembered, was in a foreign land, among strangers, speaking another language than their own.

But I have no intention of entering upon the refutation of Dr. Beakley's theory. The colored people of this city, despite their many disadvantages, are abundantly able to disprove it, and Dr. James McCune Smith, who so eminently refutes it in his own person, and who has recently so ably and satisfactorily demolished the false facts and bold slanders of the Secretary of State, will I doubt not be ready at any time to enter the list with Dr. Beakley; and perhaps his power of argument and eloquence, combined with his fine classical attainments, may succeed in convincing him that the causes of 'the progress of the Caucasian race in science and civilization,' lie deeper than the skin; and that true philosophy does not require him to accuse his Maker of the degradation and misery caused by the ruthless avarice and pitiless cruelty of the boastful white man.

In justice to the Society I should add that the mover, and most, if not all of those who supported the resolution of thanks, disclaimed any accordance with the sentiments of the paper, and that no approving vote was openly expressed.

I believe I have said enough to show that it was from no lack of courtesy, nor from any spirit of unfriendliness, that I declined voting for the resolution. My views, principles and feelings alike forbade it; and I trust it will be the last time that, as Secretary of the Society, I shall be obliged to record a vote against which I have felt obliged to object, as well in the name of science and of history, as of truth and of justice.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
JOHN JAY.
New York, May 9th, 1844.

For the Voice of Freedom.

Sonnet.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. C. J. SIMONS, A MISSIONARY.

Beloved sister! while this region cold
Thy pilgrim feet on mercy's errand trod,
So deep was thy devotion to thy God,
So warm the love thy every action told,
We deemed thee formed of a celestial mould,
And wondered thou should'st need thy Father's rod,
To wean thy spirit from this earthly clod;
Yet many a wave of sorrow o'er thee rolled,
But now no longer o'er thy griefs we'll sigh,
Since thou art gathered to the glorious fold,
Where the kind Shepherd wipeth every eye;
And, radiant there with immortality,
His lovely face thou ever dost behold
And with the pure and perfect, walk the streets
of gold. N. Y.

Sihangar, Asam, Oct. 5, 1843.

Broadway Tabernacle Choir's Annual Concert.

This was one of the most agreeable musical treats of the season, and was a very appropriate wind-up of anniversary week. It was very well attended, and the audience appeared to be highly delighted with the performances. The director, Mr. Andrews, the organist, Mr. Alpers, Miss Hsley, of Albany, as well as the young ladies and gentlemen engaged in the concert, gave satisfaction, in their different departments, and flattering proof of their musical talent, and their perseverance in practice and devotedness to the art.

A beautiful and ingenious *metello*, by Hastings, was the gem of the concert.—The plan of this piece is somewhat peculiar. It represents several persons listening to the Song of the Angels, 'O, holy, holy, holy! just and true art thou, Lord God Almighty, Thou art He who was, and is, and ever more shall be.' At first, they hear only the harps of the celestial choir, whose indistinct murmurings are borne along upon the faithful breeze—their attention is arrested—they recognize and describe the scene as it approaches, until the song itself becomes audible. They are then hushed in silence. A single voice, however, occasionally interrupts the Angels, by his descriptive comments.—The song ceases, and the single voice goes on with the description, closed by the exclamation—'Shall I not hear—not hear that strain again?' The song is resumed, and heard still more distinctly, and by the description is followed to the very 'gate of heaven.'

A fine chorus from Neukomm closed the performances of the evening.—N. Y. Republic.

CANDID. 'You've visited my daughter a long time,' said an anxious mother, to a young gentleman of our acquaintance the other day; 'What are your intentions, sir?'

'Honorable, entirely so,' said the gentleman, 'I intend backing out, as the coachmen say.'

'You do, do you? backing out, ah! and pray, sir, what are your reasons for deceiving the poor girl in this way?'

'I have several,' said our friend. 'Well, name one, if you can, you imp of Satan—you little waisted, knock-kneed, pale-faced, no-whiskered dolt—you thing—you scrap you!'

'Your daughter,' said he, interrupting her 'don't wear her bustle right. I have seen it one sided. Her dress maker tells me she was padded in a dozen places, and wears two pair of stays, her false teeth don't stay in well, and she puts castor oil on her wig, Madam. I can't stand such carelessness. You'll let me off now, I reckon.'—Portland Tribune.

From the Herald of Freedom.

Priessnitz Infirmary.

From a Glasgow paper just received, I extract the following letter from our friend Henry C. Wright—giving some brief description of the treatment of the celebrated German Peasant of his patients. There is undoubtedly some exaggeration and humbug about even the cold water cure. Mankind have been bamboozled so long, that they are incapable now of any treatment of which humbug does not form some part. If you do not mingle some aliquot parts of delusion in the potion, the patient can scarcely be made to drink it. But I verily believe that cold water is not altogether a cheat. Providence is no quack or jockey, and the universal supply of this fluid—is pretty good evidence that Providence recommends it, and that there is something of the real blessing about it. The unsophisticated animals resort to it. This is an evidence for it,—for they have good taste—if not judgment. It is quite a general drink among them. And they bathe in it. It is really cooling, and when you are adry, a draft of it—fresh from one of these springs, that bubble up from the living, crawling, white sand—is refreshing.

This bold, untutored Priessnitz, is no

doubt a grand hand to urge one on to the necessary desperate use of water. Folks are so afraid of it—they want a pioneer to enable them to go into it, and to dash it on. And the cold air—to take along with the water—they want a leader to make them venture upon that. They are afraid of fresh air as a mad dog is of water. An air infirmary, and an air doctor are necessary to bring the atmospheric remedy into use.

Air, water, temperance, exercise—and good nature, will cure anything—with a little magnetism. I have no doubt they will baffle old age itself.

Hydropathy in Graefenberg.

Extract of a letter from H. C. Wright, who has gone thither on account of threatened disease in the lungs, and cough.

GRAEFENBERG, Austrian Silesia, February 13, 1844.

Dear John and Ann Murray:—I arrived here on the 10th January, after a journey of 1500 miles from Dublin to Hull, thence through Hamburg, Magdeburgh, Berlin, Liepzig, Dresden, Breslau, to this place. Found the thermometer here down to zero, where it stood for several days after we arrived; but on the morning of the 11th, at 5 o'clock, I began hydropathy—was packed up in a wet sheet, rung out slightly out of cold water, lay in it (and blankets) one hour, then was hauled up, and sent down two pair of stairs into a dark, cold place, the floor covered with thick ice, the snow lying all around, and the boards around and about covered with frost, and a bath, two feet deep, full of water—ice around the edges; then the sheet and blankets were taken off, and I had to take a PLUNGE with a vengeance all over into that awful cold water, and wash and douse myself into it again and again; then step out again upon the ice, have a dry sheet thrown around me, and go up into my room, and there be wiped dry, and then have a wet bandage, 18 inches wide wound about three times around my body, and then dress. At 5 P.M. the same process again. At 11, to sit fifteen minutes in a tub of cold water, nearly down to freezing. My body bandage taken off, and dipped in cold water four times per day. This has been the process every day to this time. From the first I threw off, by Priessnitz's order, all my flannels (and they were very thick), and all my cottons, and put on linen shirts; and rain or shine, storm or fair, walk out on the mountains; and oh have I been out struggling through snow drifts, with neck and bosom and head all bare; snow five and six feet deep, and the wind whirling the snow in clouds through the air. My resolution and physical endurance were tried to the utmost. I was determined to give a fair trial, come life or death. I have been here now five weeks, and I have no hurtful effects as yet, except I have had the headache all the time, but that is counted a good sign. I feel stronger, and my chest is beginning to assume its original fullness and strength. I have every reason to hope that the course I am now pursuing will remove all danger of disease from my lungs. I did cough much for three weeks after I came, and my chest was raw and sore; but my cough has nearly left, and what I do cough, I raise easily.

There are over 300 patients here from 15 different nations. Such a collection! It is a study, and no mistake. The scenery is beautifully grand around. There are about 50 English, Irish and Scotsmen. I give myself up to the cold water cure. I am made cold by water, and have to get warm by exercise. This is the whole process. Heaven bless you. Good-bye, HENRY.

ASPARAGUS.—How many of our readers raise asparagus? Those who do we invite to make the following experiment; and if success warrants liberality, we would thank them for a dish of large, perfectly white, and very tender asparagus.

As soon as the young shoot springs from the ground, take a piece of hollow reed, cane, or elder, or a tin tube, about eight inches long and of sufficient bore, and stick it into the soil above the shoot. If the tube is pretty long and large, so much the better, and better will be the asparagus. Also take common flower pots, the deeper the better, and place them (Bottom up) over the plants in the bed.—The object is simply to exclude the light from the plants.—Vt. Watchman.

INTERESTING TO OLD PEOPLE AND OTHERS, WITH WEAK EYES. We find in an old paper the following course of proceedings recommended to aged people, as the means of enabling them to preserve their eye-sight, or to recover it after it has failed:

'Every morning, when washing yourself, dip your face under the water, open your eyes and keep them under water, as long as you can hold your breath. This strengthens the eye and cleanses it from the rheum which deadens the sight and considerably affects the ball. A gentleman in Maryland, by the name of James Calder, after using spectacles for twenty-five years, followed this plan, and at the age of 70 recovered his sight so as to see without them. Dipping the crown of the head into cold water every morning, both winter and summer, is a preservative against the head and ear-ache, and will materially assist the other operation, in its effect upon the eyes.'

Revolve in your mind what you have